Yankee Doings

Vol. VI Boston, Mass. January, 1925 No. 1

WHO THREW THAT?

Tel. Main 1760

JOHN F. MALONE
(B Battery, 102d F.A.)

Expert Watchmaker

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry

387 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON

E. H. ELDREDGE W. J. KEVILLE

EDWARD H. ELDREDGE & CO.

Real Estate, Mortgages and Insurance

Care of Property a Specialty

DEVONSHIRE BUILDING, 10 STATE STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

CHARLES I. BOYNTON
(Div. Q. M. Office)
LIFE INSURANCE EXPERT

30 State Street, Room 701
Boston, Mass.

INSURANCE of Every Kind

Melrose Real Estate

Telephone Main 457 Melrose 0259-M

Can You Use a Set of

COFFEE URNS

(Restaurant Size, Slightly Used)

At a Bargain

CONSULT MANAGER

YD CLUB OF BOSTON

Y. D. V. A. SALES DEPARTMENT
200 Huntington Avenue

Books

"New England in France," by Emerson G. Taylor. History of the 26th Division $3.00
"Pictorial History of the 26th Division," by Edwin C. Cooper. (Leather Bound, only) 8.00
"With the Yankee Division in France," by Frank P. Sibley 3.00

Jewelry

Y.D.V.A. Lapel Buttons (for Association members only). . . . . $ .25
YD Watch Fobs 25

YD BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Listings for YD men only. } One line 6 mos. $3.00; One year $5.50
Two lines 6 mos. $5.50; One year $10.00

Accountants

S. L. BELSON, C. P. A. (Div. Hq.), 44 Bromfield St. Tel Main 7081.

Architects

W. J. MULHALL, (Div. Hq.), Mulhall & Holmes, 33 Newbury St.
JOHN A. QUIRK (101st Eng.), Room 6, 61 Court St., Boston

Banks and Investments

THOMAS A. KIRWAN, (101 F. A.), Bond & Goodwin, Inc., 30 State St.
WAYLAND M. MINOT, (102 F. A.), S. W. Straus & Co., 55 Congress St.
J. P. LANE, (Div. Hq.), Stone & Webster, Inc., 147 Milk St.

Builders

W. G. SIMS (101st F. A.), Sims & Poser, 278 K St., So. Boston Tel. South Boston 2656-W.

Custom Tailors

E. D. FRENCH (101st Eng.), de Courcy, Inc., Tailor of English Clothes, 8 Bosworth St., Boston. Tel. Main 4376.

Illustrating

P. O. PALMSTROM, (101 Engrs.), 46 Cornhill, Boston

Insurance

LAWRENCE B. PAGE, (102 F.A.), 43 Kilby St., Boston. Tel. Congress 3620.

Lumber

BENJAMIN JAMES, (101 F. A.), James Lumber Co., 88 Broad St.

Machinery

G. M. KING, (Div. Hq.), S. A. Woods Machine Co., Woodworking Machinery, Induction Motors. H. C. Dodge, Inc., Power Cultivators and Lawnmowers, Houselighting Plants.

Opticians

AUSTIN F. APPLEBY (104 Inf.) 16 Hayward Pl., Boston. Tel. Beach 8494

Phonographs and Records

PLATT R. SPENCER, (101st Engrs.), Kraft, Bates & Spencer, 80 Kingston St., Boston. Brunswick Distributors.

Plumbing and Heating

R. D. CROOK, (103 Inf.), A. Smith & Co., 66b Hunt. Ave. Tel. B.B. 979.

Printing and Engraving

SAMUEL H. EDES, (103 Inf.), Newport, N. H.

Real Estate and Insurance

CHARLES I. BOYNTON, (Hq. 26th Div.), 30 State St., Room 701.
HORATIO NEWHALL, (Co. D, 101st Engrs.), 79 Milk St., Boston.
EDWIN A. HOLMES (104th Inf.), NELSON PATCHETT (104th Inf.), 326 Old South Bldg., Boston

Silver-Black Foxes

H. E. HOWARD, (101 Engrs.) Cumberland Center, Maine.

Veterinary

DR. W. H. LYNCH, (102 F. A.), 432 St. John St., Portland. Tel. 7812.

Wool

C. A. STEVENS, (Div. Hq.), Dealer, 184 Summer St. Congress 745

This gives one an opportunity to keep before the YD public at a very low rate. Do not wait to be solicited; just send in your line or two lines and note that fifty-eight spaces on your typewriter make a line for this column.

YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION
200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

GEORGE W. TWOMBLY, *President* — PHILIP N. SANBORN, *Secretary*

SUBSCRIPTION FOR NON-MEMBERS OF ASSOCIATION, $1.00 PER YEAR

ADVERTISING RATES

One Inch	*$ 3.00*	*Quarter Page*	*$12.00*
Full Page	*40.00*	*Half Page*	*20.00*

Send all communications to the Secretary

Entered as second class matter February 20, 1922, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at a special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 8, 1922.

75 cents of the annual dues is applied as subscription to YANKEE DOINGS.

Copy for DOINGS must be in on the First

YANKEE DIVISION MEMORIAL

I noticed in a recent number of DOINGS a suggestion for a 26th Division Memorial in France. The subject is one to stir the imagination. Let those who will, devise ways and means to put the project through. That will come later. The first task is to create the demand. I feel sure DOINGS would welcome its readers' conceptions of what and where such a memorial should be. And where, if not in our own publication, should such a discussion take place?

On the crest of that inhospitable ridge above Apremont, a spot peculiarly our own, might be erected such a memorial as we see in a flight of fancy.

Let it face as we faced, toward the enemy line, so that, standing at the entrance, the visitor might have spread before him the same hills and valleys we gazed upon over the top of a parapet at gray dawn.

Flanking the portals, muzzles alert for the rocket that will never flare, are massed the guns that took us from Soissons to Verdun. Above the entrance fly the stars and stripes, and on either side the flags of the six New England States.

Upon entering we are in a single, domed, circular stone chamber. In the center a stone cenotaph, the silent symbol of the Division's dead. Set into the wall are bronze tablets, each emblazoned with the insignia of its own regiment or battalion at the head of its roll of honor.

Nothing else.

From the village below come sounds of peaceful times,—a shepherd's horn, the bell of the village church. And looking up, the peasant folk may see this lasting emblem of the price paid by a sister nation for the peace which settles about them.

—ARTHUR KELLOGG.

VERY LIGHT VERSE

By Fuller P. Nard

"Where are the friends of yesteryear?"
Bemoaned the classic pote;
But "Where are the birds who once chirped here?"
Is what gets my royal goat.

Out beside the fair Pacific
Has some tragedy terrific
Claimed YD Junior in his tender youth?
Have the static and the code
Swamped the Ray D. O'Nutt abode,—
That bimbo who was innocent of truth?

Willie Printit, Justin Late,
Everett Onions,—what's their fate?
We crave to see their stuff again in print.
Then again, as I recall it,
Was that spendthrift, M. T. Wallett;
God grant he's now director of the mint.

Where's the bonnie Benny Dictine,
Devotee of dope and nic'tine?
The bozo packed a wicked line of jingles.
And, by all the ancient Greeks,
Can it be that old Rufe Leeks
Has plastered up the knot-holes in his shingles?

—FULLER.

TABLET TO MASSACHUSETTS MEDAL OF HONOR MEN

On December 15, 1924, a bronze tablet in the Massachusetts State House was dedicated to the memory of the State's four recipients of the Congressional Medal of Honor during the late war. They were: Charles W. Whittlesey, Pittsfield; Michael J. Perkins, South Boston; George Dilboy, Somerville; Ralph Talbot, Weymouth. Two of the above served with the 26th Division: Perkins (101st Infantry), and Dilboy (103d Infantry). Several hundred state and organization officials attended the exercises, at which Gov. Channing H. Cox delivered the principal address. The tablet is located on the third floor, near the entrance to the House of Representatives.

PREPARATORY MEETING

In accordance with the By-Laws of the YD Club of Boston, the annual preparatory meeting of the Club will be held Wednesday, January 14, 1925, for the purpose of electing a nominating committee. The Board of Governors, as required, has designated five resident members of the Club as candidates for election to the nominating committee, as follows:

Lewis D. McDowell (104th Inf.), Edward N. Lilleback (101st Inf.), A. W. Parsons (Div. Hq.), Thomas H. Roose (52d Inf. Brigade Hq.), Augustus J. Furdon (101st Inf.).

The January Smoker will be held in conjunction with the annual preparatory meeting.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

DOINGS is thinking seriously of adopting an insignia. The choice lies at present among three designs: A fish net; a hand-painted catch basin; and a spider web with the Editor impersonating the spider and F. P. Nard, Esq., Dick Barlow and a few others posing as flies. The significance of any one of these devices should be apparent to minds sharpened on crossword puzzles. You've heard it before. It is this. We can print only what we gather in the net, or find in the catch-basin, or catch in the web (whichever you please).

* * * *

If you find half a kilometer or so of items about your own outfit, don't stroll away with the notion that they took root in the fertile soil of the editorial sanctum. Some bimbo took the time and trouble to gather them together and shoot them along. The effort may have brought on brain fever. It's your turn next. On the other hand, if you haven't seen a line about your bunch since Noah bought a safety razor, don't yelp "Discrimination" at the editor. We're not sore at your outfit. We never even heard of it. Put us wise.

* * * *

Every mail brings letters, "What is the matter with the —th M. G. Battalion (or Infantry or Artillery)? I never see anything about them in DOINGS?" Why ask us? We don't know.

* * * *

If you live way out in some rear *echelon* where they think the Yankee Division is a branch railroad, the news crop may be poor. But did'ja ever think that your own state of vegetation might be of interest to some senseless dub. Even if your summer occupation of settin' and thinkin' has given place to your winter one of just settin', some bird will be just foolish enough to be pleased to know that you're still able to set.

* * * *

To paraphrase the words of the great and only Cal Coolidge: "Editors do not make news, they do but publish them."

* * * *

If you're up against it for news, how about those stories of the funniest thing you saw while over across? The prizes are still waiting. M. P.'s need not compete. Their sense of humor was amputated upon enlistment. (Wonder if that'll get a rise.) Or if your funny bone is in splints, let's hear your idea of a suitable Yankee Division Memorial in France. On another page Mr. Kellogg gives his conception. What's yours?

* * * *

With this number DOINGS makes its bow for 1925. It's no secret that we're sitting jake, and are in for a banner year. But you gents can gum the whole peerade if you set out to conserve paper. Doesn't matter how dead things are out your way. Dick Barlow is a shining example of what can be done, even in Bridgeport.

* * * *

We started off with an insignia. Let's wind up with a slogan: "If you want to help this organ be a bellows, not a lost chord."

GREETINGS

We beg to acknowledge holiday greetings from the following:

BRYAN LEONARD, Quincy, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. RUSSELL DEAN FRANCIS, Boston, Mass.
Col. ELON F. TANDY, Wellesley Farms, Mass.
GEORGE D. CHAPMAN, Fort Meyers, Va.
Mr. and Mrs. WALTER H. PAGE, Boston, Mass.
ALDEN D. PARSONS, Phoenix, Arizona
HUGH L. BRINKLEY, Boston, Mass.
GEORGE WHITE, Quincy, Mass.
The YD AUXILIARY, Boston, Mass.
HOBART M. MORGAN, Washington, D. C.
JOHN H. RINES, Syracuse, N. Y.
RALPH H. EDWARDS, Worcester, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. JAMES W. BOYER, Washington, D. C.
JOHN J. J. MEAGHER, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAM J. MULHALL, Boston, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. THOMAS P. RILEY, Gary, Indiana
JOHN H. DUNN, Commander-in-Chief Veterans of Foreign Wars, Kansas City, Kansas
JACK ATROCK, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. GRACE M. ROSSER, Marblehead, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. ALLEN A. LYNDELL, Los Angeles, Calif.
C. A. S. FROST, San Francisco, Calif.
Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES H. COLE, Boston, Mass.

CHERCHEZ LA FEMME

It has been on the front pages, in the feature sections, and even in the movies. But DOINGS can't resist emphasizing that the hero is "a member of the home club."

JOHN E. PARKER, City Marshal of Gloucester, is none other than "Johnny Parker," skipper of A Company, 104th Infantry, during the late unpleasantness, and before that a rifleman of international fame, who had already done his little trick in the '98 dispute.

It seems that the bootleggers down Gloucester way had been leading "the life of Reilly" due to the difficulty of obtaining evidence. Suddenly, however, the tables were turned and case after case went to conviction. The marshal had them dead to rights. And they couldn't detect the leak.

Then it all came out. Johnny has been pulling a Nick Carter. Or rather, a Julian Eltinge. He had been rigging himself in all the equipage of a flapper, blonde wig, high heels and—everything; and had vamped the boys into taking him out on parties. The rest was a cinch.

Johnny, made up, was doubtless a honey. Nevertheless, much as we admire the picturesque seaport of Gloucester and its sturdy sons, we'll not in the future be inclined to recommend its climate for improving human vision. In fact, we respectfully suggest to those gay lads who entertained the marshal that they might profit by a post-graduate course in feminine maps and contours. Say, for instance, Huntington Avenue.

OFFICIAL FRENCH "PROPAGANDA"

Through the courtesy of the French Bureau of Information in the United States, the Y.D.V.A. has received a number of pamphlets and documents which are in great demand by users of the Library at Association headquarters. Copies of some of these are available for distribution. In addition, the Bureau issues a weekly Bulletin concerning France and her colonies. Persons or organizations interested in this material may be placed upon the mailing list by making request to the Bureau, at 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Claims of Dependents of Our War-Dead and of Our Disabled

An Address by Major Davis G. Arnold, before the YD Club of Washington, D.C., December 17, 1924.

Mr. Chairman and Fellow YD Men: Upon assuming the direction of the Veterans' Bureau, General Hines was confronted with the fact that hardly more than fifty per cent of the death claims of dependents of service men and women had been awarded death compensation by the Bureau. In other words, of the 122,151 men and women who died in service but 69,756 claims have been awarded.

General Hines immediately set up a Special Review Unit charged with determining, among other things, in just what cases death claims had not been submitted, and of those claims made and subsequently disallowed, whether an award is now possible. This check-up entailed the running of the names of the war-dead against the Bureau records and, where no claim had been filed, the contacting of the War or Navy Department for information concerning the next of kin as reported by the soldier or sailor at the time of enlistment or induction. It has been found in many cases that it is impossible to ascertain the present whereabouts of the next of kin through these departments and that fact is attested by the number of trunks, barrack bags and other personal baggage of our war-dead which has been stored at Oteen and, though every step possible has been taken, the next of kin to whom this property should be sent, apparently cannot be located. This, together with the fact that in many instances dependents do not in fact exist, explains why there is such a large discrepancy between the number of awarded death claims and the total reported deaths.

The Reed-Johnson Act of June 7, 1924, which Congressman Connery, our toastmaster, had an important part in framing, authorizes the retroactive payments of compensation for one year from date of application. Where no claim has been allowed for a man's death in service and an investigation discloses the existence of dependents within the meaning of the Act—a widow, minor children or parents,—immediate measures are taken to give these dependents the fullest advantage of the act possible. Widows and children under eighteen are declared to be dependent automatically. Parents must submit proof of former dependence on dead veteran.

General Hines's attention has been especially called to the list of the battle-dead of the Yankee Division and every assurance may be felt that the dependents of our war-dead will receive the benefits due them in as expeditious manner as possible. All of the claims now on file in the Bureau are being reviewed to determine if the dependents have received all the benefits provided under the Reed-Johnson Act before referred to.

This Act operates particularly to increase the compensation of widows from $25.00 per month to $30.00 per month. A widow with one child is entitled to $40.00 a month, with $6.00 additional for each child. If there is no widow, but one child, $20.00 is allowable; if there is no widow, but two children, $30.00; no widow, but three children, $40.00; with $5.00 for each additional child. A dependent parent is entitled to $20.00. Both parents dependent are entitled to $30.00 jointly. It may be well appreciated that this is no small program.

When the lists of the Nation's war-dead have been combed over, a check will be made of men who have died since discharge of ailments connected with their service. In most instances of this kind, the veteran died in a government hospital or while receiving disability compensation. Thus, being in touch with the Government relief facilities, the chances are that his dependents were made aware of their rights and are receiving death compensation.

The important thing for dependents who think they may be eligible to compensation is to get their applications in at once. Back compensation can be paid for one year only prior to the date of application. The Veterans' Bureau is construing as an application a letter giving the name and address of the applicant, the name, rank and organization of the deceased soldier, and the former's relation to the latter. The date, place and cause of death, if known, should be included. Such a letter will serve as a record, and the Bureau will forward a formal application blank which can be filled out later.

It might be weeks or months before a case is finally decided, but the compensation awarded may start one year prior to date of the first application.

I want to call your attention to another phase of the Bureau's activities, which will certainly meet with your hearty support. That is the work of the Guardianship Sub-Division of the Control Service. This division was organized in order to give to mental incompetents and minors, beneficiaries of the Bureau, special assistance in (a), obtaining from the Bureau all that they are entitled to under the law, and (b), checking the administration of the duties of guardians and of such Bureau beneficiaries.

There are about 40,000 of these beneficiaries divided into three classes: mental incompetent service men, aged and incompetent parents or widows, and by far the larger class, the minor children. The proper care of these dependents of our war-dead is a national problem.

Guardianship Officers have been appointed in every State of the Union and are charged with the contacting of every Bureau beneficiary to determine:

1. That guardian render the periodical accounting required by law relative to the disposition of funds of their wards.
2. Whether appearances justify the belief that the ward is the real beneficiary of the award of funds in his favor.
3. Whether any apparent mismanagement of funds, awarded by the Bureau, may be effectively remedied by making appropriate representations to the State Court which appointed this guardian.

These Guardianship Officers, working with the various organizations interested in the welfare of service men and their dependents, have done much to alleviate the conditions of this particular class of Bureau beneficiary. They frequently are obliged to go into court to straighten out some delinquent guardian. During the short space of six months, the recoveries of funds illegally disposed of by guardians amount to the tens of thousands of dollars.

The Yankee Division Veterans Association and its Auxiliary can be of great help to the Veterans' Bureau in this humanitarian work if it will, whenever such cases come to its attention, inform either the Guardianship Officer in their respective locality or the Chief, Guardianship Sub-Division, Veterans' Bureau, Washington, D. C., of the name and address of every child of a World War veteran who is in need of a home or financial assistance. There are many wives, as well as widows, of World War veterans, who are struggling to provide a home and education for the children of our disabled or our war-dead. The activities of the Guardianship Division have been designed to act as a medium through which our Veterans' Association and the American Legion may obtain the information which will result in providing as far as is possible a real home, good health, and an American education for every child of our Nation's dead or disabled. In furthering the aims of this particular Bureau activity, we most earnestly solicit the co-operation of the members of the Yankee Division Veterans Association.

A. P. O. 709

The present address of LESLIE HATTON, formerly of A Company, 101st Field Signal Battalion, would be greatly appreciated by James J. Nolan, 17 Eastman St., Dorchester, Mass. (same outfit). Leslie has the uncanny habit of remembering all anniversaries with postcards but never includes address so that receipt of the same may be acknowledged.

STILLMAN GRAVES (B Co., 101st Am. Tr.) is now at the Chelsea Naval Hospital, Ward 5-1. He would like to have some of his buddies either write to him or call and see him.

DAVID A. GOLDBERG (G Co., 103d Inf.) is now an inspector in the U. S. Immigration Service at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. He reports seeing Dr. ERLENBACK while the latter was there on his vacation. Goldberg would be glad to hear from any of the old outfit, especially Captain FOSS.

Of course, all ex-YD's know all there is to know about terra firma; but here is one who is an authority on the briny deep as well. T. W. ROOSE (52d Brig. Hq.) is to be instructor in a course on "Coastwise and Cruising Navigation" to be given by the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, beginning January 20. The course is announced as for "all who love the sea" and will meet Tuesday evenings, 7 to 9, for ten weeks. Roose is associated with General Cole in the Bay State Film Company, Sharon, Mass. DOINGS readers are familiar with the product of his versatile pen, and we trust will have an opportunity to become more so.

In sending in his remittance for Christmas cards, CLYDE F. HANNANT (26th M. P. Co.) took the time to hammer out a little news from up Greenville, N. H., way. Part of his letter reads:

"Everything is fine along the Souhegan. BOB GREENE and JACK CARON of Co. I, 103d Infantry, TOM MAZZA of Co H., 101st Infantry, and myself are the only Yanks hereabouts. No, I forgot about ALEX ANTILLA of the 102d Infantry who lives up in New Ipswich, Colonel Tandy's old home town. Greene, Caron and I are all working at making cloth for 'fatigue uniforms.' Antilla is turning out wooden toys by the barrel and Tom Mazza is just setting up in the poultry game, having learned all there is to know about the business through his Uncle Sammy, for whom he 'fit and bled' at Chateau Thierry. All of us are wedded to our work, also to some girls* and all of us, with the exception of Alex, have two YD juniors, male and female. Still have the old YD spirit, you perceive."

*Only one apiece, we hope.

THOMAS WALLACE (101st F. A.) writes from Beverly: "Why not have another 'radio night' similar to that of last winter so that those of us who are snowed and frozen into our dugouts for the winter might hear once again the voices of some of those who used to be quite familiar to us?"

We have received a letter from FULLER P. NARD asking us to sound out the State-of-Maine boys on a matter which is causing him many sleepless nights. It is this: Does your new governor, by any chance, also keep a dog?

HOSPITALS VISITED

(*Washington Star*, January 4, 1925)

A committee of the YD Club of Washington, consisting of Representative Reece of Tennessee, Maj. James F. Coupal, the President's personal physician; Col. B. Frank Cheatham, office of the Secretary of War; Maj. Davis G. Arnold, assistant director, Veterans' Bureau; Maj. Jack S. Connolly and Capt. M. M. Fowler, visited their disabled members at the Walter Reed and Mount Alto hospitals last week, taking with them a personal Christmas message from their division commander, Maj. Gen. Clarence R. Edwards. There are several Yankee Division men in the local hospitals, among whom are Nate Goldstein (101st Inf.), William Rudeger (102d Field. Ar.), at Walter Reed, and Petro Mancene and Armond Bibeault, both of the 104h Infantry, at Mount Alto.

NOW A HEADLINER

In a "human interest" story which monopolized the front page of the December 29 issue of the *Boston Post*, BILL BLAKE (101st Inf.) appeared as co-star with one Pierre Letendre, late of France. "Pierre Finds His Old Buddy" relates with great dramatic effect the accidental meeting of Bill, who is now Grand Mogul of the local branch of the Veterans' Bureau, with Pierre, broken in health and supremely out of luck in his efforts to get established at his trade. It seems that it was Pierre who carried Bill, badly wounded, from the Wire back to a dressing station. It makes a bang-up good story, too, even if it *is* true.

YD CLUB OF WASHINGTON

Veterans in Capital City Organize "P. C. Chaumont"

The veterans of the Yankee Division residing in Washington met at the City Club on December 17 and organized a chapter of the Yankee Division Veterans Association to be known as *Poste Commande Chaumont*, but to be commonly known as the YD Club of Washington.

The organizing committee consisted of Representative B. Carroll Reece of Tennessee, Representative William P. Connery, Jr., of Massachusetts, Major Davis G. Arnold of Providence, Major Jack S. Connolly of Wellesley, Laurence J. Connery of Lynn, and Edwin M. Mara of Providence.

The purpose and object of the club shall be to perpetuate the memories of active service of the 26th Division in the World War; to promote fraternity and mutual helpfulness among its members; to aid and assist all former members of the Division, their wives, children and other dependents in every possible manner and particularly in the settlement of all difficulties with the Government arising as the result of military service; and do any and all things which may from time to time appear advisable for the welfare and closer relationship of the veterans of the 26th Division.

The address of welcome at the Convention was made by Brigadier General George S. Simonds, U. S. Army, now commandant of the Tank Corps at Camp Meade. General Simonds was the first Adjutant General of the 26th Division from which he was later transferred to the Second Army Corps as Chief of Staff.

The keynote speech was made by Major Davis G. Arnold, who sounded the call to effect the organization of the local body as an integral part of the Division Association. Major Arnold informed the members of the Club that General Hines's personal attention had been called to the list of the battle-dead of the 26th Division by a committee consisting of Congressman Connery, Captain Boyer and himself, and that assurances had been received that the names of all the nation's battle-dead, approximately 122,000, were being checked against the Bureau records to ascertain if a death claim had been submitted in every case. His address is quoted at length in this issue inasmuch as its contents are calculated to be of interest to every YD man.

General Edwards had hoped to be present, but at the last moment found it impossible and wrote the temporary chairman, Congressman Connery, in part as follows:

> "I hope the good Lord will spare my life and let me get enough leisure and enough of this world's goods to employ secretaries and stenographers to devote about four hours a day for a year or two to telling the real truth of what did happen in France.
>
> "Sufficient is the knowledge that we were longer, and I say longer advisedly and will be able to prove it, than any other American division (at the front), that we made more distance than any other division against opposition, that we always gained our objective, that we were the first to go into the battle line as an entire division, and, thank God, our losses were less than one-half of any other division similarly engaged.
>
> "I attribute the latter, not to the commander, but to God's mercy. And a fine esprit and excellent liaison and confidence between the artillery and the infantry certainly helps the Lord in Divine Providence.
>
> "We have sacred memories and it is a duty and should be a pleasure for every man eligible to the veterans' organization to take an interest in it, cherish the camaraderie and help YANKEE DOINGS to become a truly representative organ of the YD.
>
> "May every good luck on earth attend your proposed organization. It is a vital thing to have a lot of YD men band together near the seats of the mighty. The new 'mighties' may give us our due.
>
> "Please give a personal message of interest in your purpose and my personal affectionate regards to each and every one of Ours who attends the meeting. I shall look forward later in the winter to coming down and meeting you and all the members at one of your winter gatherings."

The following were elected officers and directors to serve until the first annual meeting of the Club: Honorary president, Major-General CLARENCE R. EDWARDS, U. S. Army, retired; president, Representative B. CARROLL REECE of Tennessee (102d Infantry); 1st vice-president, Representative W. P. CONNERY, Jr., of Massachusetts (101st Infantry); 2d vice-president, Major DAVIS G. ARNOLD, Assistant Director, Veterans' Bureau (101st Supply Train); 3d vice-president, Major JAMES F. COUPAL, President's personal physician (102nd Field Hospital); secretary, Colonel LEWIS W. CASS, lawyer, (Division Adjutant); treasurer, Major JACK S. CONNOLLY, Washington representative of Will H. Hays, (Headquarters Troop).

Directors: Colonel R. H. HALLETT, associate counsel, Fleet Corporation, (101st Engineers); General PELHAM D. GLASSFORD, Army War College, (51st Field Artillery Brigade); Colonel WILLIAM ALFONTE, Army War College, (Division Signal Officer); Colonel DOUGLASS POTTS, General Staff (102d Infantry); Colonel B. FRANK CHEATHAM, War Department, (104th Infantry); Sergt. F. W. MCCORMACK, Internal Revenue, (101st Infantry).

President Reece appointed the following as temporary chairmen of committees to serve until the first annual election: Organization and By-Laws, L. W. CASS; House, R. H. HALLETT; Membership, W. P. CONNERY, JR.; Claims, DAVIS G. ARNOLD; Publicity, JACK S. CONNOLLY; Welfare, M. M. FOWLER.

The next regular meeting of the Club will be held at the Hotel Hamilton on February 6, 1925, the seventh anniversary of the Division's entry of the front on the Chemindes-Dames under the command of General d'Maudhuy, Eleventh French Army Corps.

—CONNOLLY.

FLICKERS FROM THE 104th

SPRINGFIELD UNIT, 104th

The chief official business of the Unit recently has been convincing the city government that in disposing of the city's share of the refunded State bonus that quarters for all veteran organizations, including the Unit, should receive consideration. Apparently the effort has met with success. The battle was a warm one while it lasted and filled considerable space in the Springfield papers. It now appears that the money, amounting to some $67,000, will be set aside as a nucleus for a fund sufficient to provide a memorial with adequate quarters for all veteran societies. The Unit was represented in the matter by Commander JAMES W. ARMESON, General WILLIAM C. HAYES and WILLIAM P. FERRIER.

Since the above issue has been decided, feeling between the organizations involved has visibly improved. The Unit has taken the initiative in forestalling possible future lifferences by calling a conference of all commanders of ocal veteran bodies, so that a permanent Central Veterans' Council may be formed. It is hoped that the Council will be functioning in January.

BILL FORREST (B Co.) is a professor on the staff of the Knights of Columbus evening school. Advertising is his subject.

GEORGE A. ROBERTS, treasurer of the 104th Association, has been commissioned Lieutenant Colonel, 419th Infantry. Congratulations, "Colonel"!

CHARLES CATH, now of Quincy, was apprehended at the station recently, after being AWOL for about four years, and promises to be more attentive in the future. He travels for the Vermont Granite Company.

BOB KING, the old Machine Gun Stable Sergeant, was married the other day at Chicopee. He is in business in New York City.

The following committee has been named by Commander Russell to carry out, this spring, the plan for beautifying the 104th monument at Camp Bartlett, Westfield: JOSEPH W. BOWLER, chairman, ANDREW J. SHEA, HAROLD W. WOODRUFF.

PATTY MEEHAN of Apremont is much engrossed these days breeding pedigreed dogs.

—J. W. A.

GREATER BOSTON UNIT, 104th

At the meeting of December 18, the following officers were elected for 1925: Commander, JUDSON C. HANNIGAN; vice-commander, THOMAS A. BRASSIL, adjutant and finance officer, GEORGE R. ELLIOTT; executive committee (104th Association), JOSEPH J. GANNON, RUSSELL A. HARMON.

A program for the coming year will be announced at the January meeting. It is planned to have the discussions each month take up, successively, the various engagements of the regiment. In this way, in addition to re-fighting the war systematically, it is hoped to unearth a wealth of new material for the historical committee, now functioning under full steam.

The first joint meeting of the Apremont Committees of the 104th Infantry and the 101st Field Artillery was held at the YD Club of Boston on January 8.

The harbor memorial project sponsored by the Unit was presented to the Associated Veterans, Inc., at the regular meeting of the latter, held January 7, by Commander HANNIGAN, and was enthusiastically received.

The retiring adjutant of the Unit, LEWIS D. McDOWELL, has been elected commander of Hoyt Post, V. F. W., Cambridge. He has also been named for the nominating committee of the YD Club of Boston.

A son, Everett Lee, was born to Mrs. EVERETT A. ROBERTS in Louisville, Ky., December 22. Roberts served with the Machine Gun Company of the 104th.

The Unit is preparing an embossed testimonial to the retiring commander, JOSEPH J. GANNON, which will be presented at an early meeting.

WORCESTER UNIT, 104th

A little bird brings us word that LELAN DERRIGAN (A Co.) has at last got fitted to double harness. FRED MALONEY (C Co.) did the same little thing a while back, but don't know as we've ever recorded it here. While on the subject, 'tis rumored that HAROLD MALLEY (Mess Sgt., H Co.) went AWOL to Connecticut recently on a mission which sooner or later is bound to settle his fate.

LEONARD FLETCHER (H Co.) reports another son. This makes three—or is it four? TOMMY LOAN (A Co.) who is a traffic officer, has also had an addition but details are not available.

EDDIE HOGAN (A Co.) has been appointed to the police force. Another of Worcester's Finest, recently appointed, is MICHAEL WITT (A Co.), the lad who sported the biggest shoes of any white man in the A. E. F. He's found his element, we'll say.

GEORGE E. BENNETT (A Co.) is an inspector in the Worcester Health Department under DOC DUDLEY.

Former Corporal FRANK SANBORN (A Co.) met a particularly sad death on December 25 in an automobile crash, while on duty as a police officer.

"EDDIE" BIRD (A Co.) is to play the part of "Col. Robinson" in the presentation of "The Drummer Boy" at the Worcester Theatre the week of January 18 by Company M, 181st Infantry, National Guard, of which outfit he is now skipper.

CLARENCE E. NELSON (A Co.) is in the optical business for himself in the Slater Building. If your vision isn't all it ought to be, drop in on him.

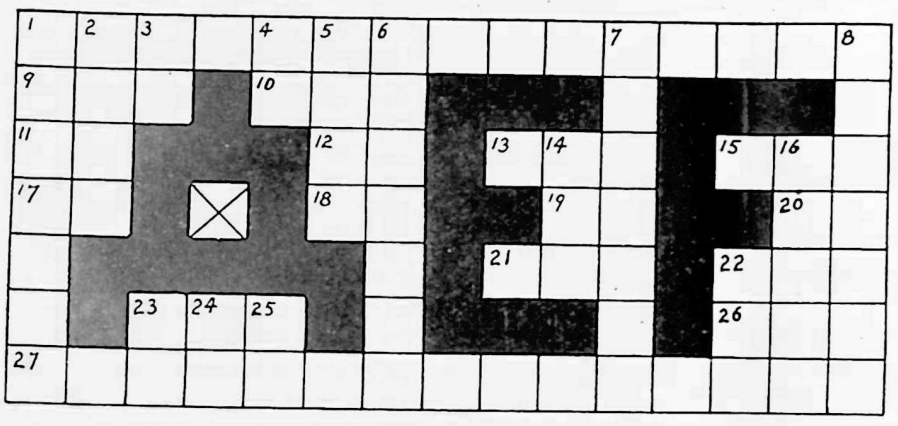
Something must be taking up the evenings of George THOMSON (C Co.). He hasn't sent us in any items for an age.

TAPS

CHARLES ALAN CAMPBELL, formerly with Headquarters Company, 102d Field Artillery, died on Sunday, December 4, 1924, and was buried from his home, 15 Fulton Street, Medford, Mass.

ZIG-ZAG ZONE

Edited by Cy Coe, N. P.



Listen, fellow Psychos: Yours Truly has been appointed custodian of Crossword Corner. Sentenced for life, too. That is, for the life of the craze. The following appointments to the Cabinet of Cuckoo Critics are announced herewith: Ira, Monty, Eddie and Jock. Others may be drafted.

Send in your offerings and we'll try them on the dogs (above enumerated). Formula: If these birds can do 'em, they're too easy for the intelligent reading public. If Yours Truly can't do 'em, they're too durned hard.

Guess most everyone got last month's. Some dispute, however, over "the best known fish." Of course, it was Gold; but Poor Fish got a lotta votes.

This month's is a gem, but you may have to brush up a bit on your French. First reference to "Dunk" we've heard in ages. It is submitted by the Unknown Soldier, and we've taken a few liberties with it, so that the same modest youngster may get some fun out of solving it, as well as the rest of us.

HORIZONTAL

1. What cooked chow on the march (plural)
9. Long period of time.
10. Where the chicken got the axe (French)
11. One you should have written to daily
12. Royal Artillery (abbr.)
13. Exclamation when you caught Jerry napping
15. Pal (French)
17. En permission (English abbr.)
18. Dispenser of C.C.'s and iodine (abbr.)
19. A precious metal (French)
20. East Podunk (abbr.)
21. Used most in hiking
22. You did it when you got the chance
23. What artillerymen do to guns
26. Frequented by submarines (French)
27. "Dunk's" hang-out (two words, one abbreviated)

VERTICAL

1. Ultimate disposal of "Dunk"
2. Usual form of military orders
3. French word for "there"
4. Marking found on condemned army property
5. Opposite of "Sud" (French)
6. How prisoners are made secure
7. Poetic for "horse"
8. Rifle specialists
14. A garden tool
16. French unit of measurement
22. Soul (French)
23. Muzzle velocity (abbr).
24. What the Medico asks you to say
25. Home sector of the YD (abbr.)

VIVE LE PRESIDENT!

It takes more than popularity to make a President, but if any president can boast more of that commodity than our own GEORGE WASHINGTON (Twombly), bring him on,—that's all. G. W.'s mail on Christmas morning would have furnished a fair start for a stamp collector. Canada, England, France, Switzerland, Italy,—to name only a few of the spots from which remembrances came. For most of us the desultory correspondence with our wartime friends over on the other side, bravely carried on for a year or so, has long since died a painless death. Not so for G. W. T. Unlike the proverbial sailor, with a sweetheart in every port, those of the genial George seem unable to forget him. And they're not all a thousand miles away. Take a tip. If you ever plan to spend a social evening in the President's company, steer him clear of telephone booths, or you won't see much of him.

WAR PAINTING EXHIBITION

A most unusual display of war paintings by Anton W. Parsons is being shown for a limited time in the Memorial Hall of the YD Club of Boston. The exhibition has attracted many art lovers, students and critics, and has received much favorable comment in the press.

Belle: "Have you ever studied abroad?"
Hoppe: "Yes, quite a few of them."

Wifie: "A little bird told me you were going to buy me a diamond brooch for my birthday."
Hubby: "It must have been a little cuckoo."

101st INFANTRY ITEMS

"BOBBY" BURNS (B Co.) is back east after four years in California where he was engaged in the real estate business.

"MONTY" BROWN (B Co.) has been seriously ill with a mastoid. Some of the YD Club boys visited him at his home and the invalid was considerably cheered thereby. Here's hoping that the champion pianist will soon be back tickling the keys again.

"POP" DAVIS (A Co.) has also been on the sick list, but is now reported as well on the road to recovery. Stick with us a while longer, "Pop," old boy!

FRANK WILCOX, former Sergeant of C, has been elected Commander of the Newton Post of the American Legion. Frank says he's going to work hard to make the aristocratic suburb well known as far as Legion affairs are concerned.

MORRIS GOLDMAN (A Co.) is in the jewelry business; in fact, he has been so engaged for two years. His only YD competitor, as far as we know, is "JOCK" MALONE of the Herbert Artillery.

MARK KING, formerly the hustling chairman of the YD Club Entertainment Committee, is still hustling. He is in New Haven as publicity director of the Vitagraph film interests there. A comely young widow who was at one of the old dinner dances that the Club used to run a few years ago, termed Mark a "real man about town." We wonder if he holds that reputation in New Haven.

GUS FURDON (C Co.) and "EDDIE" LILLEBACK (F Co.) have been appointed to the nominating committee of the YD Club of Boston. They will help select candidates for the Club offices for 1925.

LAWRENCE KIBBY (K Co.) is hibernating to the Southland for the winter. Orlando, Fla., is his destination. Besides the climate, we wonder what attracts him thence.

PHIL JOHNSON, former regimental supply sergeant, announces the arrival of Mary Louise, on December 12, 1924, at Cleveland, Ohio. The Mrs. and the new head of the household are doing well. So is Phil.

FOWLER CAMPBELL (Hq. Co.) became engaged on Christmas Day to Miss Louise A. Leahy of Winthrop, whom he will marry in February.

Sergt. GEORGE APLIN, formerly of Company F, was a visitor at the Boston Club with Mrs. Aplin the other day. He is engaged in business in Philadelphia, the home sector of his wife.

"H" COMPANY

H Company, better known as "Haitcha Comp," has organized for the purpose of keeping alive the old ties and of helping the less fortunate of our comrades back to their feet in the civilian game.

Capt. GEORGE DAVIS, D.O.L., now Inspector-Instructor with the 182d Infantry, was named commander by acclamation. The other officers elected were: Lieut. CASWELL, secretary; JOHN T. GLEASON, treasurer; JACK O'MEARA, chairman of the executive committee. Following are the members of the committee: Sgt. JACK SHIELDS (who lost a leg in the Argonne); JOHN J. SULLIVAN (the old top kick); GEORGE DEVER (decorated for bravery in the first raid); Corp. BILLY HAYES (now dashing traffic copper in front of the State House); Sgt. DAN FOLEY (of "blinking eye" fame); Corp. JOSEPH FITZPATRICK (the little Napoleon); MAGGIE KANE (chambermaid to Maj. Barry's horse); BILLY GOODWIN (now a copper); NIGGER CURRAN (now a coal baron); and BULLET ELDREDGE (also a *Croix de Guerre* man from the Chemin des Dames). With such a committee, there is no doubt that every detail of business will be handled "with neatness and dispatch."

The first annual dinner of the Association was held November 11, at the Napoli Hotel, Boston, and was arranged by Corp. PERELLI (now a copper). The repast was of the best and about 85 paid-up members attended. Despite ample *vin rouge* the party was most orderly.

The Association voted to be god-father to the present Company H, 101st Infantry, Massachusetts National Guard, which is a machine gun unit located at the Cambridge Armory and commanded by JACK O'MEARA of the old outfit. The old members, if they get behind the young company, can inspire spirit and dash to make it unbeatable.

All members of the 101st Infantry (A.E.F.) are invited to attend, with ladies, the Organization Day Ball of the present 101st Infantry, to be held at the Armory on East Newton Street, Boston, on January 20. The invitation is tendered by Col. John D. Murphy and his command. Tickets may be obtained through Lieut. Alfred Dunphy at the headquarters. There will be no charge to veterans of the regiment. The Company H Association plans to attend in a body. Members, if not listed, should get in touch with Caswell at 462 Boylston St., Boston. Room 204.

Let's get behind the new outfit.

—JAMES A. CRESSWELL.

"TELL US ABOUT THE FIGHTING"

A novel form of holiday greeting, breathing genuine Yankee ingenuity, is that devised by COLIN M. INGERSOLL (102d Inf.), of Stamford, Conn. It is an attractive brochure with the title above quoted, and a sub-title "A Tale of the 102d Infantry." The "Tale" is told in nine stanzas of original verse, being "Lines written by a Lieutenant of the 102d United States Infantry, after he was wounded and taken to the Base Hospital at Bazoilles, France." The poem deals with the Chateau-Thierry Drive. For a "personal greeting," it would be hard to improve upon Ingersoll's intensely personal offering to his friends.

"You heard what the last witness said," persisted the counsel, "and yet your evidence is to the contrary. Do you wish to throw doubt on her veracity?"

"Not at all," replied the polite young man. "I merely wish to make it clear what a liar I am if she is speaking the truth."

He: "You look like Helen Brown."

She: "Thank you! I look even worse in white."

Wrathful Father: "My daughter, young man, sprang from a line of peers."

Young Man: "I jumped off a dock once myself."

Back Through Old Sectors (X)

By Lyman B. Cozzens

I arrived in Vienna on a Sunday morning without a cent, or rather without a kronen of Austrian money in my pocket. I had the coinage of five other countries. I gave the conductor of the trolley car a 20 centime piece, Swiss. Why he took it, I do not know. He was uncertain just what to do, but of course we could not have much conversation on the subject. I did not like the hotel so took another trolley, this time giving a United States nickel. I told him it was worth more in exchange than the carfare which was, I think, about two cents. He looked at it a good many times and when I left him he was still looking, but it was that or nothing.

At the hotel I immediately found an Englishman who talked good German, so we hung around together. A sightseeing bus seemed to be the only thing to do. I had never done it before, but it was Sunday. The guide stood behind me and shouted everything in three languages and when he was about to speak English he gave me a push in the back. (Afraid I would not recognize it, I suppose, and I never did.)

He took us through the palace where all the celebrities lived and showed us the bed where Napoleon slept, and pointed out where l'Aiglon and Marie Antoinette and the rest of Maria Theresa's family kept house. He also pointed out the houses of Shubert and Beethoven. Many of the old masters of music lived in Vienna. Wagner lived in Munich, and when I saw him he had a wreath around his neck which looked as if he had a sore throat.

Vienna is a beauty, and I did not find it so awfully cheap either. The daytime is rather stupid, but at night everybody turns out to give the city its festive name. There are flowers and music everywhere. In the evening we went to a restaurant in the park where, it seemed, everybody in Vienna had gathered to hear the orchestra and to eat or drink. I had heard that Vienna was not gay any more, but this did not bear out the rumor. Girls in costume sell pastry or flowers among the tables.

Sightseeing is tiresome work, and at the end of a day I was always ready for bed. To bed means that a man asks the number of your room and puts you into a rosewood and mirrored elevator alone. I don't know what he does, but the elevator always stops at the right place. When you come down in the morning there is no way of signalling so you have to walk, but it's never more than two or three floors.

I had intended to sail down the Blue Danube to Budapest, but when I found one had to get on the boat at seven in the morning and land at nine o'clock at night, I changed my mind. Fourteen hours is too long to look at any body of water when there is an airplane handy. In that way, I could see everything and use much less time (an hour and a half). And I was in a hurry to get around Europe before my money gave out.

I find that it is one thing going to the top of the Woolworth and looking down,but it is quite another if the Woolworth starts off with you at a hundred and twenty miles an hour. I thought the thrills were all over for that trip, but I had this one coming to me.

My pilot looked like a kid, but they told me he was 28 so I took a chance. And he did all right. I thought we were going to sit together, but he had a seat by himself and I had an armchair in a little cabin all by myself. He must have paid for a first-class seat because he sat in back where he could not see anything.

A lot of schoolboys had evidently hiked out to see the planes so I had to appear dignified but I felt anything but that. I was more excited than any of them. And when the thing left the ground I was as crazy as a loon. The boys were all jumping up and down in high glee and I wanted to do the same but managed to restrain myself. Instead, I assumed a scowl of importance and strutted around as if going up in planes was quite commonplace.

It was awfully noisy although they had given me cotton to stuff in my ears before we started. And when we went up in the clouds I was afraid the pilot could not see what he was doing. It is like a heavy fog. And I did not like going over the bumps. That may sound funny, but every few minutes there is a jounce like a "thank-u-ma'am" in the road and you fall several feet. At such times your heart goes up in your mouth. At least, mine did. All hope seems lost for the moment and you wonder what kind of an omelet you will make when you hit the ground. Once I lifted a little panel to look at the pilot and see if he was scared, but he wasn't so I sat down again.

I was glad I didn't take that boat trip along the Blue Danube which is a dirty green, by the way. I saw all the scenery from above but it doesn't amount to anything. Maybe it looks different from down there, but I would hate to spend fourteen hours looking at it. It was like a long curly ribbon. We sailed over the tops of mountains and little towns and reached Budapest, Hungary, all too soon. Budapest is well known as one of the most beautiful cities in Europe and ranked next to Vienna in gaiety before the war. Now it is dead.

Hungary is a fallen kingdom. Everybody is poor and living is expensive. But the palace is one of the most extravagant that I have ever seen. The guards still walk around it, stiff-necked and with a jerky step for all the world like the march of the wooden soldiers.

Did you ever see the sign at the drug store "Hunyadi Janos"? Well he lives there, or at least did live there when he was able to live anywhere. He was king of Hungary at one time and there is a large statue of him.

I had been hearing weird things about Berlin and my friend, the Englishman, was most anxious that I keep away. He read me from a newspaper that foreigners were warned against going there. They had recently made a raid on the cafes, searching everybody and confiscating all foreign money. That made me most anxious to go and I replied that I had paid $12.50 for a German visa and did not intend to be cheated out of it. He said, "Yes, if you Americans paid $12.50 to be shot you would hurry up and

get there so as to get your money's worth." However, I went but had to go through Czechoslovakia first as it was on my route.

My air trip had been such a success that I decided to take another to Prague. The aviation field was a long way off and my trip was to be a long one, so the automobile called for me at 8 A.M.

I was up bright and early, had breakfast, and got everybody tipped properly so as not to have anybody looking through my back when I left. I said goodby all around and went off to the chorus of "bon voyage."

But I had not gone very far when, to my consternation and dismay, I remembered that I had not paid my bill. And nobody had mentioned it. Back I went in a hurry to see if the police had been called. Nobody seemed disturbed about it. One and all had forgotten that I existed. They handed me my bill which I paid and was off again at top speed for the time I had lost.

There was no use examining the bill to see if it was right. There were items like this. Maybe some of you Hungarians can read it.

Szallodaade	88,000
Lakas	44,000
Bejelentes	800

The Bejelentes are cheap, you see. I should have had more of them,—whatever they were. But the porter also handed me a separate bill of 1900 kronen. He was not such a good writer and I made bold to ask what a Utkvel—7,000 was. I was anxious to find out if it was something I had eaten. He said, "That means Police."

"Oh, and the 10,000 item next?" I asked. "That is for rushing it." That was enough. I had no time to inquire about the following jumble of hieroglyphics but hurried off thinking of the wine and wondering if I had been bailed out or anything, that the police had to be implicated to the extent of 17,000 kronen. I found out afterwards that all strangers have to be registered at the police department and the porter sees to it that the matter is rushed through so as to collect his 10,000.

My trip to Prague was not so pleasant. I was up in the air five hours. And the tension and the vibration and the noise were more than I had counted on. I had a fellow passenger this trip and he thought he was on a boat because he got seasick. A nice thing to have on an airplane! But the poor man probably felt worse than I did about it. He didn't look as if he were having a good time at all.

When we finally touched ground I was all in and was dizzy all night. Cured of the airplane habit for good.

Soon, however, I was settled in a comfortable hotel in the capital city of Czechoslovakia. The clerk called a hackman and told him, in his language, to drive me all around and show me everything.

When you travel abroad you are in for anything that comes along, but I was hardly prepared to see an old seagoing victoria lumber up to the door, behind a nag that looked as though he hadn't seen a square meal since the war.

Thus I drove grandly through Old Bohemia, which is much like the old horse and carriage,—old city walls and majestic gate towers. My friend, the driver, did his level best to talk so I could understand and in some queer way he did manage to convey to me a great many things by the use of his hands and face and now and then a word that sounded like something I had heard before.

I will pass through Bohemia quickly, as this article was never meant to be a travel talk or a description of foreign lands. In fact, its readers (should there be any) will wonder what it has to do with its title. I was asked to write my experiences in France but as there was not half enough, I had to fill in with any old thing I could; consequently I am taking you through the whole trip but will promise to land you home again safely in America. That is, if you care to go through with it and follow me. The Editors are responsible for the title, and if it does not meet the general idea of consistency they will have to shoulder the blame as they have probably not read any of it themselves.

I was about to leave Czechoslovakia. The book says that if they know you are an American they will charge you more than others and I found it so as another hackman took me to the train. He would not have got away with it if I had not been in such a hurry. As it was, I just stepped on to the train as it moved off. I hollered, "What's the charge?" "Fumftig tausand kronen," and I handed over fifty thousand kronen. I don't know how much money that is now, but it was four times as much as he should have had. I was more anxious to catch my train than to bicker with the hackman.

Anyway, when I reached Dresden I intended to be careful how I spread around that I was an American. That is what I thought then, but when I got there I found that my pride was too great. And when someone thought I was English, I hollered.

One thing that is a goat-getter is that when you register at a hotel they don't show you a respectable book to sign but hand you a sheet of paper that looks like an application blank for a job. And they want your whole life history,—your name, your age, when you were born, where you were born, where you came from, where you are going, why you came, and a whole lot of other things that vary according to the country you are in. So I made my birthplace, Oswego, N. Y., famous all over Europe. That is what goes to the police.

At Dresden I asked, down the sheet, what each one meant so I could write the answers and when I came to Nationality and some one said "Put England," I got mad and shouted, "I am not. I'm an American," and I was willing to pay for it.

Then I approached Berlin, the "dangerous city" where they have raids on your money. Instead of finding it the hair-raising place I had anticipated, I found it stupidly dull. It is no different from any other city except that it is more magnificent. No raids or riots came my way. There are lots of beggars and I don't see how anybody saves any money. It goes down in value about ten million a day so that a man's salary must melt away in a night unless he manages to spend it all on Saturday night.

In every German city a hotel clerk asked me if I was going to change any money, saying "I will give you more than anybody else and don't change it here. I will go up to your room. We are not allowed to do it." I changed only a dollar at a time so as not to have any marks lying around at night to be useless in the morning.

In going through the Kaiser's palace, the Art Galleries and to the Opera, the charge for me—the American—was five times as much as for anybody else. They made no secret about it. Mine was a pink ticket and the others were white. Ten million marks for me and two million for the others. And I followed the crowd. But there is no kick, as

everything is cheap. My ticket to the art gallery was less than 5 cents. One is indeed proud when he sees his dollar the standard of the world.

After a good dinner for 200,000,000 marks, I came across an old man begging. And feeling very grand and generous, I scooped up a peck of marks and handed it to him. I did not wait to receive his thanks and I am glad I did not as when I got to thinking about it I found that all I had given him was about a quarter of a cent. And later yet, I remembered that I had given him Bavarian marks which are useless in Berlin. Bavarian money is just as bad as German money, but not just as good. I had kept it in my suit case after leaving Munich, intending to spend it later in Germany.

I did have trouble getting my ticket to Amsterdam. The ticket itself was no trouble, but I could not say "sleeping berth." I found a man who told me how to say it but by the time I got over to the window again it was gone and what I said nobody knows. The ticket agent didn't. So I had to go to the American Express Company and be straightened out. It cost me two billion marks. This amount, before the war, would have paid the Reparation Debt of France.

(To be continued)

A STORY WELL TOLD

Now comes one of those rare occasions when a private stunt of some unit justifies the attention of the whole works. In this instance it is a company history. Not amazing in itself, for hundreds have already appeared, of which the present reviewer has read his full quota. But none before has ever seriously encroached upon a good night's sleep by compelling its completion at a single reading. More remarkable still, this volume does not happen to deal with his own company, nor his regiment, nor even his arm of the service.

Every company hopes (and ought) eventually to have its own history. Some will, some won't. Those that do can find no better model than "The Story of F Company" (101st Engineers). And those less fortunate, but no less needful of a First Aid to Reminiscence as the years go by, can hardly find a more satisfying substitute. For the authors have succeeded in re-creating the intimate atmosphere of a typical Yank outfit,—a feat beyond the skill of most who attempt similar works and somewhat outside the scope of divisional histories. Kaiser Bill is properly eclipsed by the immortal Joe L'trine; and such important realities as crumbs and cognac come in for deserved publicity, at the expense of G. H. Q., Div. H. Q., and other remote fancies. Which is as it should be.

Here's just a fragment which may suggest something of the graphic description, the artistic change of pace and the grim good humor characteristic of the "Story":

> "We fell in under full equipment and marched, at attention, to the docks. Not a song of a laugh was allowed. These men who had marched so often, faces up, tense lips smiling, to a night's work on some dark, shell-pitted road or shelterless ridge, were headed for Home and the sacred images which that word conjures up burned bright in every soul,—yet to please some high-and-mighty misplaced spawn of Prussian militarism, we marched to the boat as to a funeral, with the cowardly, dastardly threat held over our heads that if a word was spoken in the ranks, the offender would be taken out and kept in France. They had us and they knew it. May the officer responsible for that order march some day down the streets of hell under the same conditions and may we of F Company be there to give him a grand old army razz."

The self-styled "informal narrative" was written by Frederic N. Weaver and Philip N. Sanborn and illustrated by P. O. Palmstrom. Off-hand we'd say that this is altogether too much talent to be concentrated in one company.

—E. H. S.

YD BOWLING LEAGUE

LEAGUE STANDING

(January 2, 1925)

	Won	Lost	Average
ENGINEERS	26	6	.813
101ST INFANTRY	15	17	.469
104TH INFANTRY	13	19	.406
101ST FIELD ARTILLERY	10	22	.313

	Strings	Average
Walsh	21	94
Beckett	24	93
Leonardi	21	92
Kenny	3	90
Sousa	24	89
Botsford	23	89
Morrell	21	89
Page	22	88
Bogle	21	87
Lyman	9	87
Day	24	86
Emery	21	86
Watson	24	85
Harmon	15	84
Saunders	21	84
Birmingham	21	84
Weyland	9	83
Ferguson	21	82
Kibby	15	81
Smith	6	81
Tufts	15	81
Kelley	21	80
Cousens	3	80
Dumphy	9	79
W. Waters	12	78
J. Waters	6	77

HIGH SINGLE: Walsh, Page, 126
HIGH THREE STRINGS: Walsh, 326
HIGH TEAM SINGLE: Engineers, 479
HIGH THREE STRING TOTAL: 101st Infantry, 1,347

ENGINEER ENTRIES

BUZZINGS OF "B"

Were you at our reunion? If you were, no need for details; but to those of the old outfit who were unable to make it, we would state emphatically that it was a real B Company reunion. There were eighty-one present and, believe us, you would have thought they had all just received their honorable discharges. Some of the high spots: "PUT" reproducing his "La Belle Fatima" dance (methinks the dance has gathered new steps and gyrations since the first official gambol at Hammonville); "WES" HAWKES' exhibition of the modern steps of dancing; FITZIE'S good opinion of himself as an entertainer; LEON MAXWELL'S affections for PAUL PRESTON; "KIMMIE'S" stalwart (?) love for "BOB" HOLMES (Sgt. de Supplies, 1st Corps Cadets, 1917); "BART" SHAW'S influence on "barbed-wire" GEORGE CAPELLE; and many other incidents which space forbids us to chronicle.

We had three minutes of seriousness when Capt. Johnny asked us to "stand by" for three minutes in reverence to those who have gone West.

A. K. SHAW and DOC POWERS telegraphed best wishes from Brooklyn, N. Y. Dr. Norton (Y. M. C. A. man at Hammonville) sent his check with love to the fellows and regrets that he would be unable to be with us. Lieut. DIXWELL wrote from New York and enclosed check, also offered to help make up any deficit. The committee handled the affair so well (as far as finances go) that they came out about fifteen dollars ahead. To be used for the next party.

Fellows showed up from Westerly, Westbrook, Brockton, Groton, Worcester and Springfield; in fact, from all over New England. About a dozen fought the War all over again until two in the morning down at the armory, after the first party broke up. An interviewed aggregation of before-the-war B men voted the party as good as any *avant le guerre* get-together.

We received a letter from Bazoilles wishing us all a Happy and Prosperous New Year. One important bit of news contained in the letter in the words of our French correspondent: "Did you remember 'Madame Cognac'? She is dead last month. She have not drink enough and she fall in the fire. Poor Madame Cognac. I am sorry—did you say, and you are—you not sorry."

You fellows from the mosquito platoon remember Madam Cognac, eh?

"STURE" NELSON has been elected chaplain of the Norwood Post, American Legion. Never thought him so devout while in old B. Miracles of time and a family.

—V. B. H.

CAPERS OF "C"

No, we are not PETE McGARVEY'S press agent, but we do have to report that Pete has just been made head of the Legion in the old home town. Chief of Police, Shavetail Lieutenant of Infantry in the Reserve, Commander of the Legion,—some jobs for one man. Pete reports that he never had time to get married. Strange, isn't it?

Captain CHARLES M. ROTCH was married to Miss Helen A. Bradley of Boston at St. Paul's Cathedral, Boston, January 1, 1925. They have the heartiest congratulations and best wishes of every former officer and man of old Company C.

Don't forget the next Smoker: January 24, 1925, at 7 P.M., at the YD Club. We have tried to get in touch with every name on our list and, judging from the response so far, we ought to have a crowd.

We are still looking for the addresses of the following men: ALBEE, BARRELL, BLUNT, BROOKS, BURDEN, COTTER, GRIFFITH, JORDAN, KIERSTED, LAGERHOLM, LYMAN, STEVE LYNCH, JIM MAHONEY, MOLLERSTROM, PACKARD, ROCHEL, ROBINSON, WEATHERHEAD, and WILLS. Can't and won't you help us out?

DOINGS OF "D"

CARROLL P. NEAD is in the insurance business in Norwell with Frank A. Morrill Company.

JOE MAYNE is making quite a reputation as salesman for the Dillaby Fireproofing Company.

We understand that HOWARD PHINNEY, who is still with the Warren Pump Company, is in Boston about twice a week.

CARROLL SWAN'S business has grown so that he has had to move to larger quarters in the Park Square Building.

JOHNNY RUSSELL, actuary for the Norwood Trust Company, also has a commission in the National Guard. At present he is sporting a very handsome diamond Elk button.

We are afraid that HAROLD CHAPMAN is probably looking for a job. Mayor Bates of Quincy was defeated in the last election and Harold has been his secretary.

ELLIS HARLOW is in business with his father, who is running the Alfred Hale Rubber Company, in Atlantic.

—E. F. W.

ECHOES OF "E"

MAURICE CORKERY is with the C. & S. Electric Company which is short for Cambridge and Somerville Electric Company, 99 Broadway, Somerville, Mass. His home address is 30 Blakeslee St., Cambridge.

We had a very nice letter from Mrs. CHARLIE KRAMER who reports that her husband got writer's cramp during the war so she was pinch-hitting for him. They have two children, a boy and a girl, and all seems to be going well and happily with them.

ERNEST STEWARD has answered our request for offers of war snap-shots for our Regimental Historical Committee.

Our sympathy goes out to BILL COLLINS, BILL DOUGLAS and GORDON MacMILLAN, each of whom

had the misfortune of losing his mother. BILL DOUGLAS is also reported as having married and being now a proud father of a little boy.

JIM CAMPBELL is breezy and smiling as usual and seems to be right on top of the wave.

OLUF SCHAU is now a full-fledged Yank, having obtained his last papers a short time ago with the co-operation of a couple of Company E buddies.

PERCY GARLAND is one of our old pals whom misfortune also overtook. He lost his wife suddenly a short time ago.

RALPH LANGWORTHY has again migrated to the Sunny South and will be at Arch Creek, Florida, during our cold months. He proudly boasts a new son who arrived September 28, this year. He plans to spend the winter sailing and fishing.

BILL BUXTON has developed into a naughty though nifty nimrod, shooting poor little ducks and other small birds. We'll bet he doesn't shoot a chicken.

FANCIES OF "F"

Letters have been coming in from scattered points expressing approval—nay, even enthusiasm—for "The Story of F Company."

FRANK MAHONEY, who as you remember is laid up for a while in the hospital at Rutland, writes: "The authors and the committee deserve a great deal of praise for they have certainly turned out a book which is essentially correct in every detail. I have got plenty of kick out of it already."

LEWIS WRIGHT of Columbus, Ohio, says: "I want to say that there was nothing I could have received that would have been a better Christmas present than this great book."

GEORGE KILPATRICK comes to bat from New Bedford. He writes: "The book brings back all the latent memories of the war, and it certainly is a well written, assembled, authentic story of the company."

We'll take the liberty of quoting CHARLEY GANT at some length. "I received 'The Story of F Company' the other night when I reached home and have already read it once. I shall read it many times more. Prejudiced I am, but to my mind the book is the best written of any of the stories of war outfits that I have read. More power to Buck Weaver, Phil Sanborn and Pop Palmstrom and to the committee which made its publication possible. Lord, but they caught the spirit of F and intertwined it with the story; and as I read it I got the picture again of those days with the best outfit and the best company in Uncle Sam's Army. If that old spirit is still going strong after these years with no let-up since 1918, F Company still exists and it will exist for me through the years to come."

Who should drift into Beantown the other day? No other than "BUCK" FREEMAN, Top Sergeant of F Company during the brief period between Flanders and Redfield. Those who saw him report that he is the same old Buck, and that's saying enough.

There are still some twenty or twenty-five members of the Company buried in deepest mystery. Look in the roster at the end of your book, and if you know the whereabouts of any of the men whose addresses are missing, get in touch with L. H. Redfield, Old Colony Trust Co., Court Street, Boston.

'Twon't be long before we start talking about that E and F annual party.

THE BUREAU CHIEF

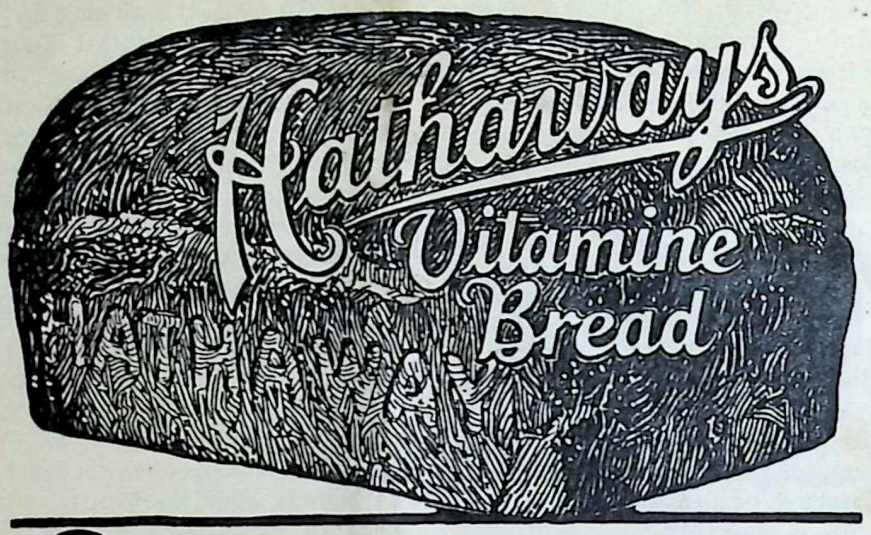
Our old friend, Colonel Tandy, took the air again the other night, when W.E.E.I. broadcast a radio interview between the Colonel and "Whit."

The questions and answers dealt with the activities of the New England Branch of the Veterans' Bureau, and some of the figures quoted were astonishing to anyone not aware of the scope or magnitude of the work which the Bureau is doing.

Following a period filled with charges of scandal and graft, it is pleasing to find that, in this part of the country at any rate, the Bureau is accomplishing its purpose. Although he would be the last to claim it, we feel pretty sure a large part of the credit should go to Colonel Tandy.

IS *YOUR* OUTFIT REPRESENTED IN THIS NUMBER?

IF NOT, WHY NOT?



Builds good health

NEW ENGLAND IN FRANCE

By EMERSON G. TAYLOR

History of the Twenty-Sixth Division

Special price $3.00

Y.D.V.A. SALES DEPARTMENT

Coes & Young Co.

Men's Shoes

Down Town
20 School Street

Up Town
8-10 Avery Street

The Stetson Press, Boston